

ONLY.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was
sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wondrously glad;
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad,
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;
And the life bore fruit—a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more;
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."
—JESSE GONDO.

THE MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY.

[From the New York Clipper.]

About half a century ago there lodged in two small, very badly-furnished second floor rooms in Carnaby street, Golden square, a middle-aged German musician, named Bernhard Vellinger, and his daughter Bertha. He had resided in England for several years; and, until stricken down by paralysis, nine months previous to the opening of this true tale, he had held an engagement as one of the *repiano* violins in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, which at that time was the only opera-house in London.

The two rooms which they inhabited were, though remarkably clean and tidy, wretchedly bare of furniture; for during his long and disastrous illness every available thing they had formerly possessed had been sold at a sore sacrifice from time to time, to provide daily bread and supply medical necessities for the poor, helpless invalid, and as he now lay, with one side completely paralyzed, on a small trundle-bedstead, with its hard, cold mattress, covered by nothing save a sheet, one thin blanket and an old gray duflie dressing-gown, with his daughter toasting the remains of a stale loaf—the only food they had left—at a scanty fire, it formed in all truth, a sad—and picture of undeserved but unrepining human suffering.

Through the kindness of Signor Spagnoletti, the *chef d'orchestre*, there had been a handsome subscription got up for him among the members of the band, although Bernhard Vellinger knew it not; for he was as proud as he was poor, and would have starved outright rather than have permitted his daughter to touch a penny of it; but the poor girl felt that she was not justified in refusing such kindly proffered aid; and unknown to her father, she had gratefully accepted it. But the last shilling of this carefully economized gift had been spent, and Her Majesty's Theatre was closed for the season. The members of the orchestra were scattered about in all directions until the house opened in February, or perhaps not until March, and parent and child were quite destitute and penniless. She had no friend on earth to whom she could apply for the slightest assistance, and not even bread in the house to contribute to the most necessary wants of the fast-coming morrow.

There was nothing, literally nothing whatever in their rooms on which she could raise a single penny. The common rush-bottom chairs, a deal-table, the trundle-bedstead with its coarse mattress on which her father lay, and an old guitar that hung against the wall, constituted all the furniture that now remained to them. Even her own little couch, which stood in the outer room, she had, unknown to him, sold a fortnight before to procure food and pay a month's rent to their stern landlady, and she had slept upon the hard boards ever since.

Poor Bertha! As she sat toasting that last morsel of stale bread, which, with a cup of weak tea, was to form her father's last meal for the day, she might well be pardoned if she gave way to feelings of utter despair.

She had hitherto borne her burden bravely; and through all the long, tedious months that had worn their dreary course along since he was stricken down, she had scarcely ever left his bedside, but sat hour after hour, day after day, week after week, cheerful and apparently content; she now felt herself sinking under the complete hopelessness of their future prospects. She passed her poor little thin hands, convulsively to her forehead, and wept bitterly.

"Bertha, dear," moaned the sufferer in weak, plaintive tones—having evidently awoken and caught the sound of her sobbing—"Bertha, dear, what's the matter?"

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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"Nothing—nothing, father! replied she, pressing back and wiping away her tears as she came to his bedside with his evening meal of dry toast and tea—all, alas! she had to offer.

"But I thought I heard you crying?" "Oh, no, no, father dear! You—you must have been dreaming!"

"Ah, well!—yes—perhaps I was! What o'clock, my child?—but I forgot—the timepiece has been sold; yes, I remember now—I gave you leave to sell it last week!—so I did—yes!—last Tuesday."

"Last Tuesday!" murmured she to herself; "and it is nearly two months ago! My poor father!—his once-remembered memory seems of late to fail him utterly."

"Ah! this tea is very nice, my darling," said he, as he swallowed it eagerly from the cup which she, with some difficulty, held steadily to his trembling lips, and fed him with the dry toast which she had soaked in it—"and so is the toast—but where is the water-cress, child?"

"I—I couldn't—". The woman did not call this afternoon, father dear; and there's no green-grocer now in this street, and I didn't like to leave you alone."

The truth was that the woman had refused to let her have the penny-worth of water-cress without the money; and though there were three green-grocers in the street, none of them would trust her. But would not heaven forgive those two falsehoods? Ah! yes.

"Yes, yes; never mind, dear," said the poor invalid; "I know you would get it if you could—I'm sorry I asked for it. I'm a sad trouble—a sad tie to you, my child; I know that, too."

"Nay, do not say so, dear father; it is not only my duty, but it is the greatest pleasure I have left on earth to be able to minister to your wants, and alleviate your sad sufferings by every means in my power."

"I know it—I know that, too. I am sure of it, my Bertha; my own—my darling—my only blessing—the sole comfort that Heaven has left me!"

"Father—father! do not weep; it kills me to see you weep!" murmured the poor girl as she mingled her tears with his in a long, passionate embrace.

"I'm not forty yet, my child," continued he, as he vainly tried to wipe away her tears with his only unstricken hand, while his own were rolling down his pale, furrowed cheeks faster than ever. "I'm not forty yet, but I'm very old—so old that I'm going to die soon, my Bertha; I know that, too. I'm well nigh dead now—half of me is dead; I wish I was quite dead. The only thing that grieves me is the parting with you, my darling."

"Father—father, don't!" my heart will break!" she murmured.

"I must—I must say it, my child!" I have never spoken thus plainly to you before, Bertha; but now I feel—I somehow feel as if the end was near!"

And with these sad words he sank back upon his hard flock pillow, for the moment completely exhausted. He spoke truly; he had never until now so plainly laid before her the certainty he felt of so speedy a termination to his life; and she, poor girl, had buoyed herself up with the hope that he might at all ultimately recover.

But Bertha Vellinger was not one of those shallow, weak minded girls who allow themselves to be totally overwhelmed by unlooked for ill tidings. She had served a long apprenticeship in the grim school of adversity; and now, though her tears still flowed fast, she sat down to reflect, as calmly as she could, as to how the "daily bread" was to be provided for the morrow. After a few moments these thoughts were interrupted by the tremulous accents of her father.

"Bertha, darling, I feel half inclined to sleep; go to your piano forte and sing me that sweet song of Weber's that I so love; it will lull me to rest."

"You forgot, father, dear, that our piano is—disposed of."

"Eh? disposed of, child?—ah! true—true! I did not remember it. I recollect now. But your still have your poor mother's guitar; you have not parted with that? I always strictly forbade you ever to part with that! No; I see you have not. There it hangs in its old place."

"Yes, father; I myself would rather starve than part with this last relic we possess of my loved mother, and of those dear old times when we were all so happy!" said she, taking the instrument down from the wall, and tuning it with a precision and truth of intonation that betokened a thoroughly practiced hand. "Which song of Weber's am I to sing?" You love all his songs, you know?"

"I do—I do! Sing me the one to which I adapted Lord Byron's beautiful words—the 'Farewell' one, I mean."

"That melody is better fitted for a pianoforte accompaniment, I think, father."

"Nonsense, my Bertha! you are mistaken; it is very well fitted for a guitar. You remember the harmonies and progressions, and, if you cannot improvise your own accompaniment, I have taught you vainly."

"Very well, dear father, you know best," replied she, with a tender smile.

"Of course I do, child. I know better than you what you can do, my Bertha. You have had no chance, yet, darling; but, some day or other, when I am gone, you will be a great singer, and, what is quite as needful, a good musician into the bargain."

"But Signor C—rather threw cold water on my musical capabilities."

"Signor C—is a conceited musical ass! These Italians may be tolerable *voicers*, but you must go to Germany, my child, for true art. Now begin—begin."

And she commenced the symphony of the "Farewell" song, and managed the necessary variations in the accompaniment, and got out the light and shade of all the main effects so admirably while watching her father's poor withered hand unconsciously beating time on the old gray duflie dressing gown, and sang the words in a fine, rich mezzo-soprano voice with so much expression that it seemed as if Bernhard Vellinger's prophecy about her future celebrity would turn out to be no idle dream. At the end of the song she found him fast asleep; with a smile upon his rugged old face that absolutely made him look young again. She laid down her guitar on the old deal-table, rose softly, and gazed on his calm and apparently pleasant slumber with ineffable fondness—kissed him with a scarcely perceptible touch on his lips, and again sat down by the now cold fireside to reflect on the best means of procuring a crust of bread for their next morning's breakfast.

And her thoughts and reflections, poor girl, were gloomy enough in all conscience. She went and rummaged through all her little nick-nacks in the hope of finding something by which she could realize even a single sixpence—but the search was vain.

Once more she sat down in complete despair, until at last her eyes chanced to fall upon the old guitar which lay on the table at her elbow. She could not tell that, her father's commands—which had ever been a law to her—and her own feelings rendered such a sacrifice impossible. Yet could she not make use of it some way? Ah, yes! she could.

She had never thought of that before; and yet, the idea seemed so inexpressibly distasteful—so degrading—that she tried to banish it from her mind. But she tried in vain—it forced itself again and again upon her so persistently that, at last, after many struggles, she made up her mind that for once, at all events, she would put it to practice. Although it might expose her to unspeakable personal discomfort—to degradation in the eyes of the world—there was nothing dishonest in it; she would put it in practice that very evening.

It was neither more nor less than this: she would take her guitar and go into some quiet, respectable street in the neighborhood—some street in which there were old fashioned gentlemen's houses—and sing one or two of her German *Lieder*, and trust to Providence for something to be bestowed on her by the residents.

Her father scarcely ever woke up for some hours at this part of the evening; and even if he did, he would only think that she had gone to get some provision for the morrow. Yes, it

must be so; there was no other possible course left.

The few slight preparations that were necessary were soon made. She put one of the rush-bottomed chairs, as usual, by his bedside, and placed a cup of cold tea on it; imprinted one more fond kiss on his lips, and murmured an ardent prayer to Heaven for her success and his recovery. And then, putting on her close-drawn bonnet and her ample mantle, which, though very old was very large, she concealed the guitar under it, and, closing the outer door softly behind her, sped down stairs rapidly, and went forth into the street on her *holy* errand. For *holy* it was, although not perhaps what the world would call respectable.

She made her way into that part of Regent street which abuts on Portland place, and, passing Langham Church, went a short distance down that little frequented, but palatial thoroughfare, for it seemed to give promise of the sort of residence that she thought would best suit her purpose. But their vast dimensions half frightened her, and the almost entire absence of light from their large, gloomy-looking windows soon caused her to retrace her steps and seek for some less pompous, but more comfortable-looking street. Wending her way back she turned to the left down New Cavendish street, and on reaching Great Portland street, up which she turned towards Oxford street, she soon found herself near to Portland Chapel, two or three doors from which she noted several good private houses on the right hand side that she thought would perhaps answer her purpose. One of these had lights in the parlor; and all of them looked as if they belonged to well-to-do respectable occupants.

She had already half determined to make her first essay before the door of the parlor-lighted house, when a middle-aged, quiet-looking, old-fashioned man-servant, in very plain brown livery, came up with a dish of oysters in his hand, and entered the house in a way that seemed to indicate that he belonged to the family. She very much liked the staid demeanor and serious but good tempered countenance of that servant, and that decided her.

The house was 91 Great Portland street, and—although she little dreamed it—in that house she was about on that very night to meet her fate.

This is a true story, and the above is a true address; and all the main incidents which have been and will be related are a series of facts and not a parcel of fictions.

The street happened at that moment to be unusually quiet. There was nobody passing as she brought out her guitar from beneath her mantle and took her station in the street close to the curb stone, immediately in front of the house. Her father had appeared so pleased with her improvised guitar accompaniment to the song which she had sung to him just before she left home, that she resolved to commence with it, and though she felt no little tremor as she struck a few preluding chords, yet that soon wore off, and before she had finished the short symphony which led into the song, both hand and voice were as steady as if she had been playing and singing to her father in the second floor back room of Carnaby street, Golden square. Ah! But if she had dreamed who had risen from his scarcely-tasted dinner and was listening to her intently behind those parlor window-curtains, would she not have felt a tremor? Yes, indeed! there is no doubt of that.

When she had finished the first verse of the song she found that a little audience of twelve or fourteen persons had gathered round, and, much to her secret delight, she received one or two gifts of six-pences, and three or four of pence. She noticed, too, that the parlor window of the house before which she stood had just been gently raised a few inches, as if to enable its occupants to hear more distinctly; and this gave her good hope of a somewhat larger contribution in recognition of her efforts. This idea inspired her greatly; and, having completely conquered her nervousness, she gave the

concluding stanzas with such mingled energy and pathos that quite a little shower of silver and copper from her now increased audience rewarded her exertion. And at this moment, although she knew it not, came the crisis of her fate.

The door of No. 91 opened—the pleasant looking old servant in brown livery came up to her, with a request to walk in, as his master wished to speak with her. Much to the disappointment of her small audience, who had hoped to hear at least another song, she, after a moment's hesitation followed him, and was ushered into the back parlor where she found two gentlemen evidently waiting to receive her.

One of them was a rather short, somewhat gray-headed, spruce, dapper little man, who wore the (even then) old-fashioned drab-colored lace-breeches and long gaiters to match. He spoke for the most part through his nose, with a most decided snuffle. The other was taller and dressed in black, in much more modern fashion. He was remarkably thin; had high cheek bones, the flesh of which had fallen in and with his prominent Roman nose and pale face, this gave him a melancholy and almost unearthly aspect. His eyes also were unnaturally bright; and altogether he looked, alas! as if destined for an early grave.

Although Bertha had hesitated for an instant when she was asked to enter the house, she now, when she saw the two occupants of the parlor, felt quite reassured. They neither of them bore the remotest resemblance to gay deceivers.

"H'm!" said the little gentleman in the drab breeches and gaiters, eyeing her narrowly through his gold spectacles, and taking an enormous pinch of snuff from a large silver box which he unheeded from his waistcoat pocket. "H'm! sit down, please."

[Now, the compiler of this tale quite despairs of being able to jot down any form of letters that will give a proper idea of the pronunciation or effect of this exclamatory nasal grunt which he writes down, "H'm!" It was used by the little gentleman to express all sorts of different feelings; and yet he never opened his mouth when he uttered it—the sound came wholly through his nose. Sometimes it meant pleasure; sometimes disgust; sometimes approbation; and some times just the contrary; all depended on the mode of its emission. Never were the letters made to do duty in such a strange fashion; and it is but fair and just to say they did that duty wonderfully well; for there was no mistaking the feeling intended to be conveyed. The present grunt was one of half dubious, half suspicious satisfaction, and clearly meant: "You sing remarkably well—you are young and good looking; but what are you doing with such a voice in the streets? and, above all, why in the devil have you pitched upon this house before which to display your talent?"

The foregoing is a rather long parenthesis, but it really is absolutely necessary, in order that the reader may, to some extent, be able to gather the meaning of what follows.

"H'm!" said the little gentleman; take a seat, please."

"Thank you, sir," said Bertha, sitting down, and placing her guitar on the table beside her.

"H'm!" said he, taking another enormous pinch of snuff, and peering at her through his gold spectacles more closely than ever, "you sing very well—too well for a strolling street-singer—but how came you to single my house out, of all the thousands of houses in London, for a display of your vocal capabilities? H'm!"

"Sir, I came into the street by the merest chance. I know nothing of you or your house; and, as from your manner, I cannot but conclude that my singing has been distasteful to you I will relieve you of my presence; and depend upon it I will not come near your house again!" and so saying Bertha rose and took up her guitar and turned to depart.

"H'm!" (this was a more satisfactory grunt but still there was a strong flavor of doubt in it.) "Stay—stay

my good girl; I did not mean to offend you; but still are you quite sure that you didn't know who lived here?"

"Quite, sure sir! I don't think that I was ever in this street before in my life."

"H'm!" (satisfaction increased greatly.) "You are not an English girl?"

"My dear mother was English; my father is a German."

"H'm!" (this was a long thoughtful grunt.) "You have been taught to sing?"

"I have, sir."

"Who taught you?"

"My father sir."

"Is he a musician?"

"He is sir."

"A singer?"

"Not a public singer sir."

"What then?"

"A professor of the violin and piano-forte."

"H'm" (a still more satisfactory grunt.) "And do you play the piano-forte?"

"I—well, yes—I may venture to say that I do sir."

"Well, there's an instrument there. Will you oblige me by letting us hear you play?"

"I cannot decline, sir."

The tide was turning rapidly, and it looked amazingly like fair weather—for the little dapper rose up with *empressment*, opened a splendid Broadwood's "grand" which stood beside the back window, drew out the music-stool, and turned it up to what he conceived would be the proper height and then courteously motioned Bertha to take the seat.

"What on earth will this end in?" murmured she to herself, as she swept her fingers over the keys of the magnificent instrument, and broke into a waltz of Weber's.

Again Weber—always Weber! How did this come to pass? It came to pass because her father had really and truly taught her scarcely anything else. He had grounded her thoroughly in the scales and placed all sorts of classical exercises before her; but, when it came to anything beyond that it was Weber, Weber, Weber!—almost Carl Maria von Weber. She knew nearly the whole of his works by heart, and played them as they deserve to be played. Nothing more need be said.

She had never in her life put her hands on such an instrument before. It was as perfect, in every respect, as human art could make it. The touch and tone left nothing to be desired. The Broadwoods of that day were pre-eminent in the manufacture of pianofortes, and this particular instrument had been chosen with the greatest care for a special reason, and had been sent in only a few weeks previous to the present eventful evening. It absolutely inspired her. She seemed to be in a seventh heaven of rapturous delight. On—on—on she went; modulating with artist-like precision and perfect accuracy from one subject to another (still all Weber, nothing but Weber) and seemed as if she was lost to all things around in the enjoyment of the sweet melodies and splendid harmonies which her deft fingers called forth. At last, as if suddenly brought back to the stern realities of her position possibly by some chance, subtle progression of chords which reminded her of home and her poor father she wandered back into the melody he loved so well, and sang it once more in a style that produced from the little gentleman in drab breeches and gaiters a "H'm" of unequivocal approval and wonder.

He was a thoroughly good hearted man and could no longer restrain his admiration! He had forgotten for the moment all about the "strolling street-singer," as he had contemptuously called her, and at the conclusion of her impromptu pianoforte recital, he addressed her thus:

"H'm!" (this grunt now expressed unbounded satisfaction.)—"You sing well, you play well; you're a musician; you know your business. Now, I am Sir George Smart, director of music at Covent-Garden Theatre, at the Oratorios, and at many other places besides. And if you can give me proof that you are a respectable young woman, and place yourself under my care

and tutelage, I'll bring you out, and make your fortune."

Poor Bertha was fairly staggered at this announcement. The realization of such a prospect would bring back comfort, and perhaps, even health to her dear father. She could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream. But what became of the bright-eyed, emaciated, cadaverous-looking Roman-nosed gentleman during all this time?

He sat in the corner by the fire, closely observant of all that had passed and had not spoken a word. But now he rose slowly—and apparently with some little difficulty—from his seat, and in very broken English with a strong German accent said to her:

"Your *fader* is German?"

Bertha, who from the pronunciation of the word "*fader*" found that she was speaking to one of her own countrymen, immediately answered, "Jamein Herr," (yes sir,) and the conversation that ensued between them was thenceforth carried on in their native tongue; it was to the following effect:—

"You have been taught music only by your father?"

"Only by him, sir."

"Both to sing and play the piano-forte?"

"Yes, sir."

"You never had any other instructor?"

"Never except for the guitar. My poor mother taught me that."

"Do you play on any other instrument?" "A little on a violin, but not much. My father insisted that I should learn it to a certain extent in order to keep my ear in tune."

"Ala! Good! What age are you?" "I am twenty two, sir."

"And how long have you been singing about the streets?"

"To night is my first time, sir."

"Ala! May I ask you what caused you to take such a step?"

"Sir, my poor father is helplessly stricken with paralysis; we are penniless, and I did it unknown to him, to provide food for to-morrow."

"And where do you live?" "In Carnaby street, Golden square."

"And what is your name?"

"Vellinger!"

"Yes, sir."

"Vellinger, what is your father's Christian name? Tell me, I pray you?" (this question was put with no little agitation.)

"His name is Bernhard Vellinger."

"Mein Gott, it is surely the same! It is my old friend whom I have not seen for so many years! He is a violinist?" "He is, sir; he was a member of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre until this sad dispensation of Providence disabled him."

"It is the same—it is the same! I am sure of it! Sir George, this is a country-woman of mine, and I believe her father is a very old friend of whom I have lost sight for many years. I must claim the first right to see to their future welfare!"

"H'm, very well—very well! But anything I can do for them, I'm sure I shall be delighted to—"

"No, no! many thanks, but no! I have your address my child, and will call on you and your father to-morrow early and make arrangements for your future well-doing; meantime take this, and spare no expense in making your poor father comfortable and happy."

And thus saying, he placed in her hand a purse which must have contained at least ten sovereigns.

"Oh, sir," said poor Bertha, scarcely able to speak, "how can I find words to express my gratitude?"

"Nay, nay my child say no more I entreat."

"At least let me have the pleasure of conveying to my father this night the name of the friend who has so generously assisted us."

"Never mind that to-night. To-morrow, when I see him, you shall be told." "H'm! No, no, no! Let him be made happy to-night. The name of the gentleman my dear is Carl Maria von Weber."

This true story is ended; but our readers may be glad to hear that through the instrumentality of the great composer, and also after his lamented death of Sir George Smart, Bertha was most advantageously placed in the musical world, and obtained a high position on the Continent as a concert singer. Her father survived long enough to enjoy her triumph, and died surrounded by every comfort that his daughter's kind care could bestow.

Lafayette Hughes, of Memphis, Ind., has introduced something new into the suicide-at-hotel business, shooting himself in the elevator of the Lindell house, at St. Louis. He had been drinking to excess for some days previously. During his ravings he was heard to say, "Leave whiskey alone. Tell mother that I am not going to drink any more."

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

DEATH OF GEORGE H. MYERS— DROWNED IN BLACK RIVER AT LOWVILLE.

Last Sunday the friends of George
H. Myers, received a telegram announcing
his death by accidental drowning
in Black River, at Lowville, Lewis
County in this State. At the time of
receiving the message his body had
not been recovered, but a second one
stated that it had since been found.

If we are correctly informed, George
H. Myers was born in the town of
New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y., and
was, at the time of his death, twenty-
five years of age.

Mr. Myers had, among his numer-
ous friends, the reputation of being a
young man of strict integrity and of
conscientious scruples.

After receiving a common-school
education, he, for some time, attended
the Academy in this village.

For several years he was a teacher in
various districts of Common Schools
and was, for several terms, Principal
of Public School No. 8 in this village.
As a teacher he was thorough and
practical, loved by his pupils and
highly esteemed by the general com-
munity.

Mr. Myers was a member of Grace
(Episcopal) Church of this village, to
which he was admitted several years
ago, and having chosen the ministry
for his profession, has been for some
time past pursuing the study of theol-
ogy, at St. Andrews Parochial School
in Syracuse, N. Y.

Of late, he has been temporarily
supplying the pulpits in various
places, of churches whose rectors were
absent on vacation, or from other
causes.

Prior to entering St. Andrew's
School, Mr. Myers attended a Theologi-
cal School for one year at Fairbault,
Minn. Fairbault being the seat of
the Minnesota Institution for Deaf-
mutes, he formed an acquaintance
with some of the teachers and officers
of that Institution; (he had previous-
ly learned a portion of the silent lan-
guage from his deaf-mute friends in
our village), and marked out his future
career for usefulness, as a spiritual
guide to the deaf and dumb. While
preparing for receiving the confirma-
tion to the orders of a Deacon, and
awaiting an appointment, he was per-
forming the occasional ministerial work
alluded to above.

A few weeks ago Bishop Hunting-
ton sent Mr. Myers to Lowville to
fill a temporary vacancy in the Epis-
copal Church of that place. Mr. My-
er's health being somewhat impaired,
he was in the practice, of taking fre-
quent morning baths and walks.

On Saturday morning, the 11th, he
left his boarding-house to call upon
friends. Not returning at his usual
dinner hour, no wonder was expressed
on account of his absence, as it was
conjectured that he was dining with
friends. At night he had not returned,
and it was still supposed that he was
prolonging a visit or making calls.
Sunday morning came and he had not
yet returned.

Anxiety then began to pervade the
minds of the household; his friends
were feeling concerned in regard to
his whereabouts, and began to make
inquiries and to search for him. No
information respecting the missing
young man rewarded their inquiries.
The alarm soon spread from one to
another, the citizens turned out en
masse, and a thorough search was
instituted.

It was not long before the clothing,
worn by Mr. Myers when he left the
house, was found lying on the bank of

the river not far from the village. This
discovery foreshadowed evil. The
search was now vigorously prosecuted
and, on the opposite bank of the river
were discovered foot-prints and other
appearances, which clearly indicated
that Mr. Myers had swam across the
river, and had again entered the water,
evidently to return to the place where
he had left his clothes, but nothing
seemed to show that he had reached
the shore.

The river bottom was dragged, in
the vicinity, but the search was fruit-
less and the operations were proceed-
ed with in various directions.

Down the stream, about one mile
from the locality above referred to,
the body of Mr. Myers was grappled
and drawn up from the bed of the riv-
er. The body was doubled or drawn
up, the muscles rigid and contracted,
and from its condition the natural
and logical conclusion was that, while
on re-crossing the river, the deceased
was seized with convulsive cramping,
and no one being near to hear his
cries for assistance, he was drowned,
being unable to propel himself to
shallow water.

We have not been informed of the
verdict of the coroner's jury, but doubt
not that in all material points, it
agrees with the above expressed opin-
ion.

After perishing by drowning, the
current of the river floated the body
down to the point where it was dis-
covered. Mr. Myers had gone to the
river to perform his customary ablu-
tions, with the fatal results already in-
dicated.

The body arrived at this place by
the train of the Oswego and Rome R-
R., and was deposited in Ely's res-
taurant room till Wednesday morning,
the 14th, when the funeral services
took place at Grace Church, at 10
o'clock. Rev. Dr. Cross, Rector of the
church, delivered an impressive ser-
mon. The body was interred in our
cemetery in this village. A large con-
course (the house being filled to
overflowing) of mourning relatives,
and sympathizing friends attended the
funeral.

In this sad calamity, which resulted
in the sudden calling away of a wor-
thy and estimable young man, hearing
people feel that society has been
called upon to part with one of its
worthy members, and in the path
marked out for his future usefulness,
the loss is a sore one to all, who are
in sympathy with the spiritual well-
being of the deaf and dumb. A kind
father, mother, two sisters, one brother,
and a large circle of friends, mourn
the sudden and unexpected call for
the deceased, but they have the con-
soling hope that he has gone to meet
the reward of the righteous. George
H. Myers has gone to his long rest,
but the memory of his exemplary life,
and good intentions for the future
spiritual welfare of the deaf and dumb
will ever be fresh in the recollections
of the many, by whom he was so high-
ly esteemed on earth.

ELMIRA CONVENTION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Those going over Seneca Lake to
Elmira, take cars at Watkins on the
Northern Central Railway, and in or-
der to get reduced rates on that road
they must write to the Secretary en-
closing stamp, and get an order for
tickets, the order to be presented at
the ticket office at Watkins. So with
all others who go over the Northern
Central Railway from Canandaigua,
N. Y., or Harrisburg, Pa., and points
along the line to Elmira; they must
obtain orders from the Secretary, to be
presented at their respective ticket
offices, or they cannot obtain reduced
rates. Philadelphia parties, and those
on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad
are also requested to inform the Sec-
retary of their intention to attend, and
he will procure and send them orders.
For other routes see the programme of
the Convention elsewhere. Don't neg-
lect to enclose postage stamp.

FORT LEWIS SELINEY,
Secretary.
Rome, N. Y.

WEDDED BLISS—GOOD WISHES.

We congratulate our Associate Ed-
itor, Mr. F. L. Seliney, one of the
teachers in the Central New York In-
stitution for Deaf-mutes, who has re-
cently taken an accomplished lady for
a life-companion, on the occasion of
his important change in life, and wish
a long and happy life of enjoyment for
himself and his fair bride.

The happy couple are spending
their honeymoon at the home of Mr.
Seliney's father, Aurora, N. Y. They
are having rooms furnished for keep-
ing house and will reside in Rome.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THERE are about forty deaf-mutes in Newark,
N. J., but only two take the *JOURNAL*.

PROF. L. A. Houghton, of the Tennessee In-
stitution for Deaf-mutes is visiting his sisters in
St. Louis.

PROF. Johnson with Gusnie Chandler of Mexico
stopped at Aurora the other day while on their way
to Auburn. Prof. Seliney, whom they were
hunting up, being found, they had a nice little
time.

THE Common Council of Elmira, has permitted
the use of the session room of the City Hall for
the meetings of the Convention of the Empire
State Association of Deaf-mutes. The hall is
convenient to most of the hotels in town.

MA. SMITH L. Redman, of Newark, N. J., is
building a frame house on his own lot at Roseville
about two miles from the city. He thinks he will
move his family there next October by which
time he expects the house to be finished.

Mrs. John Bennett and her daughter have re-
turned home from a delightful trip to Matawan,
where they made Miss Sarah Harper a pleasant
visit, and spent three days very much. They en-
joyed the trip and visit very much.

JACQUES LOEW will sail for South America
the latter part of this month to be gone for two
or three years. His numerous friends who expected
to meet him at the Elmira Convention, will be
sorely disappointed on learning that he will not
be there.

Boston has two deaf-mutes named Welch. They
are not brothers however, and their many friends
often get them confounded, and to save them-
selves from further trouble, they christened them
respectively Red and Black Welch, according to
the color of their hair.

ON the night of the 26th ult., the Brass Band
of Geneva (numbering about fifteen musicians)
serenaded Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Denton in hon-
or of their silver wedding. When the music was
played out, the band was welcomed and the lemon-
ade and cakes were served.

THE General ticket agent of the Northern Cen-
tral railway, in writing to the Secretary of the
Convention concerning the tickets for the grand
excursion to Watkins Glen, August 30th, hopes
that all will go, and have a good time in visiting
that wonderful spot of nature.

Mrs. Amos Smith, of Boston, has closed her
house for two or three months, and is now rusti-
cating with her family, breasting the pure coun-
try air. Her little daughter Maud, is romping
across the fields, chasing the many-headed but-
terflies, whose beauty has attracted her own.

THE Rev. A. W. Mann conducted a service in the
Church of Christ Church, St. Louis, on Wednes-
day evening, the 8th inst. There were between
thirty and forty deaf-mutes present. Bishop
Robertson, who has taken a deep interest in the
mission, occupied the chancel during the service.

Mrs. Gabriella Greeley, youngest daughter of
the late Horace Greeley, lately called upon Mr. F.
M. Tuttle, of Geneva and viewed the beautiful
pictures in the parlor, painted by Mr. Tuttle.
She was introduced to Mrs. F. M. Tuttle and
A. C. Gordon, and is noted for her beauty and
loveliness.

PROF. O. W. Morris, for many years a teacher
in the New York Institution, retiring some eight
years ago, died on August 9th, in the 80th year
of his age, at the residence of his son Dr. Moreau
Morris, New York City. Mr. Morris had held the
position of Librarian of Cooper Institute previous
to his decease.

TWO deaf-mutes of Newark, N. J., regret to
learn that Mr. John Bennett, who is their preach-
er, with his family, moved to the mountain near
Orange, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, where he
will work as a carpenter. He will preach for them
in Newark, at Park Chapel in West Park St., at
8 p. m., August 26th. All the deaf-mutes are in-
vited to be there.

PROF. Schofield and wife of the Danville, Ky.
Institution, her sister, Miss Bell Beard, the lead-
ing belle of Wilsonville, Spencer Co., Ky., have
been visiting their friends in Dayton, Ky., and
Cincinnati, O., for a couple of days. They
were all greatly pleased of the Danville Institution.
They seemed to be impressed by the beauty of
"the Queen City of the West."

MR. Carter and his wife (formerly Miss Tidale)
who were united in the bonds of matrimony last
Spring, were class-mates in the American Asylum
at Hartford, but while pupils there, they scarcely
noticed or even thought of each other; yet, a few
years after leaving school and while working at
home, they chanced one day to meet, fell violent-
ly in love with each other and—you know the
rest.

ROBERT D. Livingstone is as fond of traveling as
our ex-President Grant, has gone to California
with the intention of spending a month there.
Mr. Livingstone is a great traveler, having visited
nearly every famous place of resort in this coun-
try. He has tread the dark, gloomy passages of
the Mammoth Cave, scaled the lofty heights of
the White Mountains and sported his dashing
person at Newport, Saratoga and other fashion-
able watering places.

THERE was a surprise party at the house of Mrs.
Wise, of Cambridge, Mass., on the occasion of
her birthday, the 30th of last month. The threat-
ening state of the weather prevented many deaf-
mutes from attending, who would have been glad
to take part in the surprise, for Mrs. Wise is
much liked, by all who have the pleasure of her
acquaintance. As it was, the company was small
but select, consisting of Mrs. Southwick, Mr. and
Mrs. Goldsmith, Mr. Blanchard and a few others.

ST. ANN'S Parish of Lowell, Mass., held its an-
nual Picnic July 3rd, at Nahasset Pond. The
Excursionists comprised deaf-mutes and hear-
ing people. A sumptuous dinner was spread
and all did ample justice to the ample bill of fare.
The day was filled out and other happy games,
and ball-playing, singing and other happy games,
and the party returned, free from any accident, feel-
ing that the day had been one of the pleasantest
and most enjoyable of their lives. The accom-
modations for holding picnics at Nahasset Pond
are said to be superb and our informant of the
above-named picnic speaks in the highest terms
of the place.

ON the evening of the 27th ult., twenty-eight
invited young ladies and gentlemen were enter-
tained by Mr. and Mrs. Denton in Geneva. Four
of the party were deaf-mutes. Mr. Denton's
house was illuminated with Chinese lanterns.
Among those present were Miss Gertrude Walter,
of New York City, Miss Maggie Bennett, of Flint,
Mich., Mrs. F. M. Tuttle, and of A. C. Gordon,
of Geneva, Miss Mollie Moore, of Rochester, Miss
Huggins, of New Jersey, Prof. S. Moore, of Elmi-
ra, Miss Louise Denton and Mr. Wm. E. Smith,
of Geneva, and other ladies and gentlemen. All
present enjoyed themselves in pleasant conver-
sation and entertainments.

LAST SATURDAY EVENING'S LAWN PARTY.

The lawn party which was held on
our premises last Saturday evening,
for the benefit of Grace Church, was a
fine affair, well attended and every-
thing connected with it well arranged.
The band was not present, (we have
no ear for music ourselves), but a general
good time was enjoyed; there was
abundance of good ice-cream and cake,
a profusion of button-hole bouquets,
some of which were elegant, and others
of poorer qualities, but sold just as
readily, croquet playing on the lawn,
and the grounds and street adjoining
were magnificently lighted with a well-
displayed Chinese lanterns and all the
hanging-lamps that we were able to
muster. General good feeling prevail-
ed. The gentlemen went for their
bottom "nickles" and the ladies for-
the ice-cream.

As far as we are informed, every one
felt that the party was a success and
that the evening was very pleasantly
spent.

THE PICNIC AT REVERE BEACH.

On the 8th inst., the deaf-mutes of
Boston and vicinity held a picnic at
Revere Beach, on the line of the Re-
vere Beach and Lynn Railroad. A
funny incident that gave food for
merriment to the party, occurred just
as the ferry-boat was leaving the
wharf. Three deaf-mutes—two ladies
and their gentleman escort—arrived
at the depot at the last moment and
were hurrying to the boat, when the
gate was suddenly shut in their faces.
They stood looking over the barrier
at their friends, who were fast reced-
ing from sight and becoming excited,
they called upon the boat in signs to
come back, but it was all in vain. The
boat kept on its course, and the dis-
appointed trio were compelled to fore-
go the pleasure of meeting their
friends for an hour. A good deal of
fun was had at their expense, when
they arrived at the beach, but they
bore it all with wonderful good nature.

Everywhere the picnicers were the
observed of all observers, attracting
attention wherever they went, but
there was one too inquisitive individ-
ual, who dogged our footsteps, start-
ing at us so intolerably tall the while
that we determined to get rid of him.
We hit upon a novel plan; at a given
signal we turned around, fixing our
eyes sternly upon his own. The artill-
ery of our optics, shooting forth as it
did, glances of indignation and con-
tempt, was more than he could bear,
and doubtless concluding that discre-
tion was the better part of valor, he
turned about and walked away. Thus
was his curiosity effectually killed and
we had no further trouble from him
for the rest of the day. I recommend
this remedy as infallible in all cases
where a deaf-mute is annoyed by a
bore, who stares him out of counte-
nance. As soon as the party from
Boston arrived at their destination,
they were rejoined by another from
Salem, among whom may be mentioned
Mr. Packard and his witty wife, who
is the very life and soul of a social
gathering. Several hearing and speak-
ing young ladies came with this com-
pany from Salem, to spend the day
with their silent friends, and after the
ice between them and the deaf-mutes
was once broken, they proved a pleas-
ant addition to the merry party of
picnicers. Another delegation was
expected from Worcester, but for un-
known reasons, they did not come
and they missed a very good time.
President Holmes was there in person,
and thanks to his untiring zeal and
energy, the picnic was a success;
nothing was wanting, but a larger
number to add to the enjoyment of
the occasion. We regretted the ab-
sence of Mrs. Holmes, who is at pre-
sent away on a visit to some friends
and is not expected to return until the
middle of next month. Soon after
our arrival, the proprietor of the hotel
where we were stopping kindly gave
us the free use of his grove—a favor
that was as welcome as it was un-
expected. We dispersed ourselves about
the beach, partaking of every amuse-
ment that the place afforded. The
best part of the programme was bat-
hing in the surf, which was particu-
larly enjoyed by almost every one. The bathers
seemed to be enjoying themselves
thoroughly on the bosom of Neptune,
splashing the water in each others
faces and chasing each other in the
briny deep. Among those who graced
the occasion with their presence were
Mrs. Homer, Mrs. Barnard, Miss Rob-
inson, Mr. Wallace H. Krause, the
well known lady-killer and Mr.
George A. Newhall, the redoubtable
"Little Giant," so called, not more on
account of his person than his superi-
or intelligence as compared with other
deaf-mutes. There were also present
Mr. Harry Chapman, and many others
too numerous to mention. Com.

BOOMER'S MILLS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Cider Mill. Presses, and about
two hundred barrels of vinegar, and
Saw Mill of—Boomer, one mile south
of this village, on the Colosse road,
were destroyed by fire last Saturday
night. The fire is supposed to have
been accidental. Mr. R. L. Nelson of
this place has been making repairs in
the mills, as we are told, and in the
process of his work had occasion to
use fire, from which, it is thought the
building in some way caught fire some
time during Saturday evening. The
cider mill and saw mill stood near to-
gether and both with their contents
were destroyed. The fire occurred
about eleven o'clock and many of our
citizens were not apprised of it till the
next morning.

The loss, there being no insurance
on the property, is variously estimated
at from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

For The Deaf-Mutes' Journal. THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DO- ING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

'Bell rings. A telegram. "Arrived
all right, 10 p. m., Harvey." All anxiety
vanishes. What relief a few words
bring! Harvey now was thrown on his
own resources. At home he had Em-
ma to advise with and suggest plans,
mother to encourage him in all high
resolves, father to counsel him as only
a wise father can, all the lessons at
home, he now brings into actual use.
The time had arrived when he must
think and act for himself. His was a
strong mind and a strong will.

God never intended that strong, in-
dependent beings should be reared by
clinging to others, like the ivy to the
oak, for support. The difficulties,
hardships and trials of life, the obsta-
cles one encounters on the road to for-
tune, are positive blessings. They knit
the muscles more firmly, and
teach self-reliance, just as by wrestling
with an athlete who is superior to us
we increase our strength, and learn
the secret of his skill. All difficulties
come to us, as Bunyan says of tempta-
tion, like the lion which met Samson
the first time we encounter them
they roar and gnash their teeth, but,
once subdued, we find a nest of honey
in them. Peril is the very element in
which power is developed "Ability
and necessity dwell near each other,"
said Pythagoras. Great statesmen in all
countries have owed their sagacity,
talent and foresight more to their fail-
ures than to their successes. Every
time one is check-mated he acquires a
more profound knowledge of the
game.

Read the history of the rich and
poor in all ages and countries and you
will find, almost invariably, that the
fortunate ones are those who began
life at the foot of the ladder, without
a finger's lift from Hercules; while the
"unfortunates" who flit along life's
paths more like scare-crows than hu-
man beings, attribute the first declen-
sions in their fortunes, to having been
bolstered and propped by others.

It is a proverb that rich young men
who begin their fortunes where their
fathers left off, leave off where their
fathers began. The only money which
really benefits a young man is that
which he himself has earned.

The ready-made fortune of an ances-
tor, like ready-made clothes rarely fits
the man to whom it falls.

Harvey was a student. It was not
an easy task for him to learn, but when
learned, he had the thought, the idea
fixed, rooted. By nature he was a
thinker. We regret to say that the
young are gradually ceasing to think;
they have their thinking done for
them, done by machines. "As the na-
tive in some parts of the world carries
the traveler in a chair on his back over
the mountains, so the teacher carries his
pupil up the alpine peaks of knowledge
as the priest in Siberia puts his devo-
tion into a mill and grinds out prayers.
So we expect our preachers to do
our praying for us; as the steam-whistle
whisks us, asleep or awake, to the city
or capitol, so we expect the book over
which we doze or snore to bear us to
the metropolis of science.

We learn chemistry by inhaling
laughing-gas, we float on the water
with bladders tied under our arms, and
call it swimming, and, from the cradle
to manhood and womanhood, make
use of mental "go-carts," till we have
lost the use of our feet.

Hardly greater than this mental de-
generacy of some classes is the phys-
ical which has reached such a point
that in our principal hotels, elevators
are employed to lift spider-legged dan-
dies, and languid females from the
dinner-table to the rooms above, with-
out the labor of climbing stairs.

Harvey intended to climb the stairs
of knowledge, and he put forth cor-
responding efforts. So we leave him
to battle with life, knowledge and his
studies.

The children of the mission were
progressing under the fostering care
of its worthy matron and Miss Emma.

One day a puny little one was
brought to them. At first Miss Emma
felt and said they could not take it in,
but Lilla's pleading eye, so impressed
her, that she gave the little wail shel-
ter in the Mission Home. That act
was noticed, and in that act the mis-
sion was blessed, for it was soon wis-
pered around that a feeble child, whom
no one owned had been adopted by
the mission.

Strangers came, and went out to
tell of the noble work that was being
done through the untiring efforts of
Judge Shelby's only daughter.

The papers spoke of a tiny child
found by a Policeman, crouched up in
one corner of an alley-way, no one to
care for it. Another "one more un-
fortunate." Beautiful allusion was
made to a young lady who chanced to
pass that way, just as the officer was
covering the little one with his great
warm overcoat. The burly officer let
a tear fall on the wanderer, as he
groaned out "God bless the child." Another honest prayer had reached
the heart of Infinite love, and the re-
cording angel had noted it down in the
great book of remembrance.

The hidden hand was again out-
stretched, deliverance came to another
little one worn and weary, and the
quiet doing of Miss Emma was herald-
ed far and wide. Many hearts blessed
her, many prayers went up to the mer-
cy seat, as sweet incense before the
Lord. People began to agitate the
subject as to the desirability of a
good substantial building for little
wanderers.

A rich gentleman, one of Judge
Shelby's personal friends, started a
subscription paper, he heading it with
3,000 dollars. Before one week was

over \$10,000 had been subscribed.
Lots were thought of and along came
a gentleman offering four choice lots,
providing the home should be called
"Flower Garden Home for little rose
buds"; no objection and the work was
at once commenced, by securing a good
building committee. The plan to be
laid before Miss Emma, so that she
might be consulted in all the arrange-
ments appertaining to the Home.

Does any one doubt but what there
was a Hidden Hand? From the mo-
ment that Lilla's mother passed from
earth to heaven, as she commended
her darling one to the care of the good
Shepherd, the Hidden Hand had been
extended never more to be withdrawn
till the circle shall be complete in that
"house not made with hands, eternal
and in the heavens."

Thine dear Miss Emma was a noble
work, when thou didst cross yonder
street ("and not as the Levite pass by
on the other side") take the sad child,
even Lilla to thy heart and thy home
forever. Joy and gladness have been
in thy heart and thy home ever since.
Thanksgiving and the voice of melody
are in that little rose bud's heart
while the sunbeams of requited love,
lights up dear grandma's countenance
as she looks into the faces of her only
daughter and her baby Lilla.

Happy mornings work for thee, Miss
Emma. Happy life work for Lilla, to
enjoy and the good work will yet go
on till many shall hail the day when
Miss Emma did not pass by on the
other side.

It was decided that in the future
the little ones, who might be brought
into this home, should take the name
of some plant or flower adapted to
their appearances if possible, so the
new comer was named Rose. Although
so pale and feeble she bore traces of
beauty as she had no true name; they
agreed that her last name should be
Bud, which made it Rose Bud. This
sweet bud would shortly unfold in the
paradise over there, there to forever
bloom and expand in beauty and glory.
Rest sweetly in thy little cradle bud
till called up higher, into thy loving
Father's Flower Garden above. Thou
shalt find loving hands, tender hearts
to minister unto thee, even Lilla will
watch beside thy little bud sweetly
singing.

"Around the throne of God in Heaven,
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A glorious happy band,
Singing glory."

THE LATEST LUXURY.

[From the Chicago Railway Review.]

An exchange says that Mr. Charles
H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., has
modeled and patented a Turkish bath
car as a railway train accompaniment,
and also to carry the bathing luxury
to the smaller cities and towns on the
lines of the various trunk roads, where
Turkish baths have not been establish-
ed. The design is to side-track the
bathing car wherever practicable or
likely to be profitable. But baths may
be taken on express trains, and the
tedium of travel be thus greatly reliev-
ed by variety. The car has a drawing-
room 10x15 feet, Russian and plunge
bath 8x7, three shampooing rooms
6x7, tepidarium 10x23, movable closets
24x10, and passages 18 inches wide.

The temperature in the various
rooms will vary from 80 to 160 degrees.
Blue glass is introduced for lighting
purposes, and whatever other benefits
it may bring. The idea of the inven-
tion is that the car can be run on reg-
ular trains anywhere in the United
States, giving passengers the benefit
of the bath by paying the regular fee,
or the car can be switched off on a side
track, in any large town, and remain a
day or two to accommodate the resi-
dents. The entire process of the Turk-
ish bath is to be practiced from the
sweat-box to the shower bath, and
plunge and cooling down. On long
journeys it enables many to continue
their home habits without interrup-
tion, and as a luxury on the road it
recommends itself to all. Its con-
struction is a fixed fact.

JACQUES LOEW'S FAREWELL TO OUR AMERICAN PEOPLE—A TWO OR THREE YEARS' TRIP.

In the interests of myself and my
companions in affliction, I am com-
pelled to take a trip around the world,
which will last two or three years, and
not being able to set a time for my
return, I hereby beg to take affection-
ate leave of all the friends and ac-
quaintances I have made during my
sojourn here.

I beg all companions in affliction,
the deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen,
whom I have met, to accept my heart-
felt thanks for all the kindness shown to
me. I will try, by the kindest study,
to contribute my share to the amelioration
of our condition, and I beg all those,
upon whom I cannot call personally,
to excuse me and keep a kind remem-
brance for me.

Yours very truly,
JACQUES LOEW.

COLLISION—TRAIN DITCHED.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Aug. 14.—By a col-
lision at midnight between a Canada
Southern passenger train, outward
bound, and an incoming freight on the
Lake Shore, the freight train was
ditched and the engine of the passen-
ger train disabled. A lady passenger
was slightly injured. It is rumored
that the engineer of the Canada South-
ern train is missing. It is feared he
is under the train.

TOLEDO, Aug. 14.—The body of Lewis
Young, engineer of the Canada South-
ern passenger train, which collided on

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

SERVICE AND PICNIC AT GRANVILLE, N. Y.

In response to the invitation of the Rev. Thomas B. Berry, Rector of Trinity Church, Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., quite a number of deaf-mutes gathered at his residence on Wednesday, the 8th inst. They received a cordial welcome from the Rector, his deaf-mute wife, and the latter's sister, Miss Anderson, also deaf-mute. There were Mr. Chillerian, of Arlington, Vt., Mr. Ritter of Troy, Mr. and Mrs. Brownell of West Cambridge accompanied by their daughter and niece, Miss Badger, Mr. Bristol of Argyle and Miss Northrup. Dr. Gallaudet and wife arrived the previous evening. At 7.30 p.m., there was a "combined service" in Trinity Church. The altar, font and chancel had been decorated with flowers the day before for a wedding. The flowers having been kept fresh by gentle watering, gave a bright and cheerful tone to what was generally considered, a delightful service. Trinity Church is pleasantly situated on rising ground a little to the east of the village, and from its steps can be had a fine view of the valley of the Mottswater and its surrounding grand old hills, forming a spur of the Green Mountain Range. The service was read by Rev. Mr. Berry and interpreted in signs by Dr. Gallaudet. The latter made an address which was interpreted by the former. It showed how the education of deaf-mutes at the various Institutions prepared the way for the work of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." The offering was appropriated to the support of this work. It is hoped that deaf-mutes throughout the country, will more generally lay up in store from their income, a fund which they can call "The Lord's Money," from which they can draw when they go to attend the services which are held for their benefit. By keeping this whole matter in their minds and prayers, they would be able to give dollars where they now give dimes, half-dimes or cents. We must all finally give account to the Master for our stewardship.

On Thursday, the 9th inst., we had a picnic on Hay-Stack Mountain, some five miles to the eastward of Granville. We regretted that Mrs. Berry was obliged to remain at home on account of the sickness of her little daughter. The other persons, referred to above, with the Rector's son Frank, an active boy about six years of age, and several friends from the village started about 9.30 a.m. Mr. Blossom and Mr. Hollister were very kind in devoting the day to our comfort and pleasure. They each furnished a conveyance. Other friends of Mr. Berry sent in refreshments. To all, sincere thanks were returned by those who formed the picnic party. On our way some of us stopped for a short time at Edgerton's Apiary and saw the wonderful ways of the bees. At the appointed place, we were joined by another company of deaf-mutes, Prof. Bird and wife of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Mr. Fish, of Danby, Vt., and Mrs. Hulett, of Pawlet. The feast of good things having been duly prepared and God's blessing invoked, the sharpened appetites of the company were satisfied. In due time some of us climbed to the top of the "Hay Stack," and enjoyed the extensive view. Others remained under the trees, and indulged in pleasing conversation. Before starting for home, we had a short, refreshing shower. The memories of the service and the picnic will long dwell in the minds of those who were there.

LETTER FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

JEROME CARDAN OF PADUA, ITALY, THE FIRST TEACHER OF DEAF-MUTE ARTICULATION—W. M. FRENCH, INDIANA'S DEAF-MUTE CRIMINAL—HE JUMPS HIS STRAW BAIL.

DEAR JOURNAL:—That GreenCastle correspondence relative to that bridal-party was rather modest. It was enough to make the writer blush. It intended to imply that the fair bride on entering the Institution, was not only shrouded in the darkness of ignorance, but was also unable to enjoy social intercourse with the living.

"Told high converse with the mighty dead," Knowledge to their eyes like ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, ne'er unrolled."

The writer was either too modest, or forgot to give credit to the modern American Don Pedro de Ponce, who taught this bride to articulate. Jerome Cardan was the first who adopted a system of instructing the deaf and dumb. He was born at Padua, Italy, and therefore Padua was the cradle of the art of educating the deaf and dumb to articulate.

Don Pedro de Ponce, who was the next, was so successful that of two brothers and one sister, he taught one to speak and write Latin fluently, and another to converse fluently on scientific subjects, without betraying his infirmity.

Such was his success in the art that he taught mutes to speak with rare perfection. They could speak, write, calculate, and pray in a loud voice; they confessed, spoke Greek, Latin and Italian, and reasoned on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, and some became able historians.

We never heard before that America had a modern "Don Pedro de Ponce." It would be well for that GreenCastle correspondent to give the name and address of the American "Pedro de Ponce" for the benefit of the public.

Nor did we know that the bride of the subject was a "mute." The writer forgot that Prof. Bell's method of teaching articulation, was not introduced into the Indiana Institution until last fall. So we understand she was educated, somewhere else, in an obscure place unknown to the public. It is but fair that the person to whom the honor is due should receive it. Articulation at the Indiana Institution is in its infancy, and no such a bright day has yet dawned upon her; and many years will have passed before such a light of science will dispel the clouds that hang over those unfortunate children.

Last week the resident deaf-mutes of Indianapolis had a picnic in the woods, east of the city. It was the first picnic ever held in this State by a party of deaf-mutes. To Mr. David Atkinson, the popular deaf-mute boot and shoe-maker, belongs the honor. The writer was invited to be present and be the orator, but failed to put in his appearance.

The graduates and some of the teachers of the Indiana Institution, talk of holding a convention at the Institution next summer. It is said the teachers will hold a conference at the Institution this month to elect officers, and adopt some rules to regulate the convention.

The deaf-mutes of Indiana are determined not to be outdone by those of the other States. They all believe that though Indiana has the greatest mute racial, she has fewer bad ones than any other State. She has very few peddlers and fewer disabled mutes. Only those who are unable to do hard work are peddlers or beggars, and those are few.

That great racial is no longer a resident of Indiana, and she has no more trouble with him. It is well he should stay in another State which will take care of him and keep him from his delirium.

As long as W. M. French, who is the man I mean, keeps out of this State she will let him alone, but we are anxious that he should be taken care of by any other State he may live in. He may be as dangerous in any other State as in Indiana. We would be as much grieved if he should injure any of those poor unfortunates of other States as our own, but after we have warned all about him, we shall not be responsible for any delirium done by him.

We did not intend to scare him out of the State to get rid of him. He was not a resident of the State when he committed his last great crime. We caught him, indicted, convicted and sentenced him to the State prison. We did our duty. But a friend residing in the same State he was then in, bailed him out, and as that bail was, to his great good fortune, worthless, he was easily induced to forfeit it.

He has his freedom somewhere. It would be well for all law-abiding men and women to help the authorities find him in his hiding place.

ANDROSOGOGIN.
Indianapolis, Ind., Aug., 1877.

THE WORCESTER DEAF-MUTES' CHRISTIAN UNION HOLDS A PICNIC.

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL:—Some time ago it was proposed by Mr. George Holmes, to have the Worcester Deaf-mutes' Christian Union hold a Picnic, and the time of the occurrence was set down for July 30th. Several places were suggested, but Crystal Lake Grove in Gardner, Mass., twenty-six miles from Worcester in a northerly direction, was the selected place.

This place is truly beautiful in every respect, and handy in nearly every thing. It has several nice swings, a foot stand, seats every little way from each other, with its attractive Pavilions. The Lake well deserves its beautiful name. Any attempt to find words to express its beauty would fail me, and I must leave it unexpressed and say to those anxious to know its due credit "Come and see."

At last the day eagerly looked for came, and it proved to be a day on which most people would shrink at the thought of attending a picnic—a rainy day. But I venture to say it moved us not—we would not complain. "God doeth all things well." We had sunshine in our hearts so the rain was perfectly welcome. This is not all, the rain was constrained and, like a smile from Providence, showed that nothing is too hard for Him.

The party numbered fully nineteen, the majority coming from Worcester, Winchendon furnishing three and Gardner two. We indulged in boating while it did not rain, both forenoon and afternoon.

At about 1 o'clock we declared it time to lunch, so we all assembled in the Pavilion and made our arrangements and then our eyes were directed to the President, Mr. Holmes, who offered a very appropriate prayer to our good Father for our safety and blessings, and for our safe return. Then we pitched into the good things. A young man wanted to treat us with a watermelon, but on opening it, it proved to be of a delicate pink color, and was pronounced unripe and had to be done away with. The rest of the afternoon we spent in various ways as we liked until about 4 o'clock, when a little shower-making began, which at times created much merriment. One young man got up, and declared there had been no "strike" with us and Mr. Hill, the kind overseer of the Grove. Another proposed that we hold another similar excursion next summer, (if spared) and have a larger attendance. At length we all voted thanks to Mr. Hill and his little boy for their many courtesies of the day.

If there was anything that tended to mar our pleasure it must be assigned to "Tempus fugit"—not to the

weather. At about 4 1/2 o'clock the dreaded train came and snatched us regardless of our wishes for prolonged pleasure, and bore us away to our homes. Respectfully,

ONE OF THE PARTY.
WHAT A DEAF-MUTE SAW AT RIDGELAND LAST THURSDAY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 9, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I was one of the party of deaf-mute excursionists to the Park last Thursday, I thought I would furnish you an account of the pleasant time we had.

The idea of an excursion to Ridgeland, near Belmont, originally came from our pastor, Rev. Mr. Style, and the day appointed for the event was August 2d. That day came with all the fond hopes that could be cherished by the deaf-mutes of this city, in which there are some 500 of all classes. But the day came with its disappointments,—at least it appeared so. Some clouds hovered overhead and hid every trace of the sky from view, and only now and then, a faint struggle appeared in the Eastern horizon, as if the beams of "Old Sol" were vainly contending with the dark clouds about the right of passage to mother earth.

I, however, determined to go at all hazards. Preparing for the uncertain state of the weather, I shouldered my umbrella and marched off to the scene of action. When I arrived at Belmont Mansion I saw nobody; that is to say, I saw none of the expected excursionists, and indeed very few of any unexpected ones, if I may use such a phrase with reference to the hearing and speaking people. Disappointed, I proceeded down Belmont Glen. For some time I favored me with the meeting of a friend, who, by some very silent and mysterious, yet very conspicuous way,—almost wholly unknown outside of a deaf-mute institution,—informed me that the expected excursionists were near, and would soon be settled in a quiet secluded spot, near the old ice-cream saloon at Ridgeway.

When I arrived at the appointed "hook," I saw a party of thirty-five deaf-mutes of both sexes arrive almost simultaneously; a general shaking of hands, how-do-you-does, tipping of hats, and a few introductions ensued, and, after some preliminary arrangements, the usual game of croquet was in order.

Finally dinner came or rather we went to it, and to do it justice I must confess it was characterized by the customary good things befitting such an occasion. Dinner was followed by several games and dancing. There were "our cat's-got-a-long-tail," "fox-and-geese," quadrille, Virginia-reel, and vague hints at a gathering at "Copenhagen," but this latter seemed a little "too soft" for the delicate cheeks of some of the fair young ladies, and so it was not brought to a satisfactory conclusion—at least the omission of such an important play was a little unsatisfactory to the enthusiastic young gentlemen. There was, of course, no band to guide the merry dancers, but there was, however, a character who pretended to be a violinist, or imagined himself to be one. Such a spectacle has seldom been presented before the public.

The character I refer to, was a young Israelite of about twenty-five summers. He had the prominent nose and dark complexion of his race. His hair strongly reminded me of a fashion prevalent among the members of "Praise-God Barebone's Parliament." Otherwise it did much to uphold the Darwinian theory. And yet, added to all these extraordinary features, none the less remarkable was his height. He really seemed to be related to Gen. Tom Thumb, somehow; but I am not sure he would be willing to lay claim to such honor. When the dancing began this little Jew got upon a table, and with clapping feet began to play with his hands, in a mimicking way, "Yankee Doodle," on a violin. The fair sex of the party almost went into hysterics; the gentlemen were kept busy looking out for flying buttons and "splitting sides," and when the fun was over, all thought they had had a very nice time, indeed. A few stray persons from another Sunday-school picnic party came over, to see how we did, I suppose; but their countenances almost frightened us, as they were somewhat verdant, while there were some which had more of the tinge of verdure about them.

We passed the rest of the afternoon in a general talk, dwelling generally on the incidents of our former school days, for we were mostly graduates of the same school. Finally, the time was wound up by little cupid, who stole stealthily into our midst. I understand his arrows took effect, beneath the breasts of two young ladies from Camden, and many more of this city; but I found it rather difficult to estimate the number of the wounded or slain of the opposite sex.

Towards evening we proceeded to the R. R. Station at Belmont, and, after waiting patiently for a train, we were conveyed safely to the city, very well pleased with our pleasant picnic.

We expected at least a hundred deaf-mutes would attend, but of course the threatening state of the weather, had much to do with shattering our expectations and making the attendance slim. But on the whole, I must say again, we had a very pleasant time.

J. T. E.

THE DEATH OF A DEAF-MUTE IN A STRANGE LAND.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Aug. 5, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I write to communicate the news of the sudden death of Robert Crawford, a deaf-mute, who claimed to have come from, or near Glasgow, Scotland, although he had been

some five years in the United States. He was peddling the manual alphabet (single and double hand) in pamphlets. It appears that he went to lodge, Thursday night, Aug. 2d, in a room at Cassidy's Hotel, and the next morning the attendants found him dead. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death by congestion of brain, according to one of our journals, and by apoplexy according to another. Whatever it was that took him off, everything indicated that he had died a hard and very painful death. The bed clothes were torn to pieces, his body was doubled up, his hands were on his face and blood oozing from his mouth, nose and ears.

He was buried by the city, and everything was over before any one of us knew of his melancholy fate. Under our laws, his personal effects were taken charge of by the Public Administrator, who has turned them over to the second District Court for this Parish, which is our Court of Probate. I am told that, besides his valise and two satchels containing a few personal effects and some pamphlets printed in English, French and German, he left only a silver watch, \$5 which was found in his valise, and \$27 or \$28 in some bank. He had not come near me again after making two calls and of course I am ignorant of all his business affairs.

Among his papers were found some receipts or acknowledgements from his father, near Glasgow, of remittances of money sent by his son. The personal effects may eventually be turned over to the lawful owner if claimed, but the legal charges will absorb all the money.

Mr. Crawford came here in May and should have gone away in June or July; he was not acclimated, and I think he must have been careless in his habits. If he had thought of it, he would have left for Cincinnati nearly a week ago, but finding that he could not draw his money from the bank after 3 p.m., he deferred his departure as the boat would not postpone hers. He had changed his lodgings several times before he came to Cassidy's Hotel. In his possession was found a receipt from an old deaf-mute in Boston, Mass., for a considerable sum of money for safe keeping. Mr. Tuttle—whose mother keeps lodgings, and where Crawford last lodged before coming to Cassidy's Hotel—has written to Mr. Crawford in Scotland, about his son's death here.

D. P. M.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES.

THE FIFTY DEAF-MUTES OF INDIANAPOLIS—ABLE TO SUPPORT THEMSELVES—HOW THEY SPEND THEIR SUNDAYS—A PICNIC.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There being quite a number of deaf-mutes in this city, I will attempt to give a short account of them and thereby lift them out of the deep obscurity in the public mind, through your paper.

Of all the deaf-mutes, living within the limits of this flourishing city, there are, so far as I know, about fifty, in which there are six families; most of them are under age and of course are still under parental care. The older ones follow different trades and all are getting along quite well, and are able to support themselves. They are very sociable. They send out invitations and call upon each other quite often. Thus they are enabled to enjoy one another's society and they know very little about loneliness.

On Sundays, their chief place of resort is at Mr. D. G. Atkinson's residence on North New Jersey Street. This gentleman is a shoe-maker and he bears the reputation of being a first-class workman. He has a family which he supports by honest work. He and his family are always glad to receive us when we call on them. The average number in the assemblages is about a dozen, sometimes it exceeds a score.

On last Sunday week (22nd ult.), Mr. Atkinson was honored by a visit from another family, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, who live in a distant part of the city. The neighboring deaf-mutes poured in and up to noon there were twenty-two of us present. A lively conversation sprang up in the midst of us. A very good dinner was served by the hostess.

Towards evening an idea struck us of having

A BASKET PICNIC, which we took into consideration, and, after a short time of deliberation, three committees were appointed to name the time and place where it should be held, and to extend invitations to it. They boarded a vehicle and were soon in search of the place. After an hour or so they returned, and unanimously agreed that it should be held in the grove on the brook side on the following Saturday, the 28th. Soon after the meeting dissolved and all went to their homes, full of hope and eagerness and in high spirits for the coming picnic.

All arrangements were made and Saturday came upon us with the sun shining brightly. But on the previous day and night it had rained powerfully and the ground was still wet. At first we all evinced some disappointment about it, but as there were no clouds to be seen and the sun was hot we understood that it would soon dry off. Most of the boys and girls assembled at Mr. Atkinson's and we hired an express to carry us to the destined spot, where we alighted safe, with anticipation of great pleasure before us.

The place was a beautiful one, with trees growing all around and with hills rising here and there, with a small stream of water winding its way between them. Still more, there were wild flowers growing in many places. Oh! what a charming scene it presented and what roving party could resist the temptation of encamping there.

The morning was spent in rambling

through the grove, by the boys and girls in groups. They all kept in sight of each other and none strayed away. They behaved like gentlemen and ladies as they had learned to while at school, and they did as though the eyes of their old teachers were yet over them. The married women busied themselves in preparing dinner from the many full baskets, which each one had brought along.

In time all was ready and the picnickers gathered and seated themselves at the table. A blessing was offered up to Almighty Providence and some delicate refreshments were indulged in.

At this crisis the writer, who had been obliged to stay behind on business, appeared coming across an intervening hollow and was soon upon the scene; all eyes were turned in that direction, and many arose to their feet to welcome him. He was at once provided with a seat at the head of the table. He was surprised to find the table so bountifully supplied with all kinds of "dainties," too numerous to name; all exceeded his expectations. I was more than glad to find that our picnic was crowned with success. Many dishes were handed to me, of whose contents I tasted and until this time their taste still lingers in my mouth. From the many dainties of which I partook, I was taken sick and had to stop eating sooner than I wanted to.

At the end, we left at the table more than half of the food remaining unconsumed. This was put back in the baskets, intended for the evening. We had ice-cream, lemonade, ice cream and other delicacies. We spent the afternoon in playing croquet and other games until four o'clock when clouds gathered and darkened the heavens. Fortunately there was a vacant house at hand and we sought shelter under its roof. During the rain we danced a quadrille and kept ourselves joyous.

Soon the express wagon, according to order, wheeled up the road and was guided to our place of refuge by the waving of our handkerchiefs. We jumped in and made for our homes while the rain poured down in torrents, but we were under the cover of the vehicle and did not get wet.

We feel proud to say that all our plans were carried out with success. It was the first picnic ever held by the deaf-mutes of this city. We were all pleased with it and talked of having one annually. The sun having sunk, we dreamed of the times of the day and the next morning we resumed business as before. COTTON TOP.
August 1st, 1877.

THE INMATES OF THE HOME—AN ENJOYABLE EXCURSION AND A PICNIC.

NEW YORK, August 6, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Saturday, the 4th inst., was one of the loveliest days of our summer season, a day just suited for a picnic on shore, a stroll through Central Park, or sail on the water.

It was my privilege on that occasion, to go on a delightful visit up the East River as far as Hart's Island with a company of about half a dozen deaf-mute friends.

A little before ten o'clock we left home, well provided with three baskets full of good things with which to appease the inner man, as we did not intend to return until evening, and walked down to the foot of East 26th street, where the Bellevue was at the dock, waiting to take in freight and convey visitors over to the islands.

As the Bellevue puffed its way slowly up the river, it made its usual daily stoppings at Blackwells and Ward's Islands, and as it proceeded further up, we soon left the crowded city with its oppressive heat and noise, far behind us.

Before reaching Hart's Island we changed boats, and having found a good place, we sat down to eat our lunch and chat for a little while.

I am glad to say that the JOURNAL bore us company on our pleasure trip. Knowing that the readers of the JOURNAL feel a deep and lasting interest in the Home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes here, I may as well say that the party about whom I have just written are no other than inmates of the home, under the kind and faithful care of Miss Jane Middleton, the matron, who for the past two or three months, has devoted much of her time and attention to promote their happiness by taking them on several little journeys out of town.

Proceeding further up stream, we passed several steamboats, the names of only a few of which I am able to recollect, the Bridgeport, Adelphi, Tanya, and the Sylvan Glen.

In the distance we saw a light-house the design of which had been the work of an insane man who, before this sad misfortune had come to him, had been an architect of some intelligence. This light-house adds much to the beautiful scenery through which we glided. As I sat looking with admiration at the charming view before me, I could not help remembering those well-known lines of Byron,

"O'er the glad waters
Of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless
And our souls as free."

We stopped at Hart's Island for about half an hour or more, but we did not leave the boat because it was not deemed advisable. The pavilions here are crowded with hundreds of poor, sick people, many of them in the last stages of consumption. When they are sent to this island they know that death stares them in the face and very few of them recover. Not very far from the pavilions stretches the broad expanse of the Potter's field where many of the patients find a nameless grave.

On board the boat with us were

some friends of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and Commissioner James Brennan, a well known citizen of our metropolis, who goes over to the islands every day, he being the provider of food for the poor and the sick. Many little delicacies, in the way of fruits and flowers, are often sent over to the islands by rich residents of the city. It is good to remember that the poor we have with us always.

Returning to the city down the river towards the close of the long summer afternoon, we discerned some way off the gloomy walls of Fort Schuyler.

I cannot describe my own feelings as we sailed down stream, the scenery was so grand. It reminded me of the tranquil waters of the Arno, and the beauty and grandeur of the Alps, though there were no mountains on either shore of the river.

Very much pleased with our long sail, and with many thanks to our kind friend, Miss Middleton, for the great pleasure she had given us, we all reached home a little after five o'clock in the afternoon.

We regret much that our pleasant summer days are fast drawing to a close. Soon the mild autumn days will return, and then comes the cold dreary winter.

Winter brings with it, its pleasures as well as the other seasons, and then we can enjoy ourselves in-doors and out of doors, too.

We hope to go on another little excursion before long, and if we do, I will try and furnish the JOURNAL with an account of where we go and how we enjoy ourselves.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. C. F. Douglas, about whom Prof. Job Turner has made mention in his letter to the JOURNAL, left this city on the 18th inst., with his sister Mrs. Judge R. H. Tyler, of Fulton, N. Y., to visit the scenes of his early youth at Westfield, Mass. Providence willing he will come to the city sometime before the warm season again sets in to have an operation performed upon his eyes. Everything that kind thought and sympathy could suggest have been done for his comfort and happiness during his six weeks sojourn among us. His case is a very critical one, and the operation, it is feared, may result in total blindness.

Mr. Douglas has read the Bible through no less than a hundred times, and from this we think that his knowledge of the sacred volume must be quite extended.

Some weeks ago a deaf and dumb young man arrived in this city from the sunny land of fair Italy, in hope of finding better employment here than he had been able to procure in his own country. He appears to be quite intelligent and can use the double hand alphabet with ease, but the sign language and single handed alphabet are as yet new to him. In a conversation with a hearing and speaking friend of mine, whose ability to talk with the deaf and dumb is somewhat remarkable, he said of the French people, that they are more polite and kind than the English. So much for our Anglo Saxon race. We are glad to learn that the Italian consul at this Port has befriended him, and we think has already procured for him a place somewhere out of the city.

Mr. W. R. Callingsworth, of Philadelphia, Pa., called at the home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes this morning. He came to New York to see Dr. Gallaudet on business, and returns home to-morrow.

On the 25th ult., Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet dined with Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Peet, at their handsome suburban residence on Washington Heights. In the evening Dr. Peet drove down to the city to attend a quarterly meeting of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Dr. Gallaudet preached at St. Ann's Church yesterday. There was a slim attendance of deaf-mutes owing to the extremely warm weather.

Mr. A. A. Roeman, father of Mrs. Christiana Hewlett, died on the 18th, aged 66 years. Mr. R. emigrated to this country from Germany some years ago.

We understand that Miss Eliza Hughes, of Brooklyn, died last week, leaving her property, which consists of a house and furniture, to her deaf-mute brother, Mr. David Hughes of our city.

LOYALIST.

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

THE ACTIVITIES DEFENDED BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

NEW-YORK, August 6, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In perusing the correspondence columns of your valuable JOURNAL of the 2nd inst., I was extremely mortified and surprised to notice an article purporting to be a description of a match game of base ball, said to have been played between the Active and Osceola B. B. clubs. With all deference to the kindness of the writer of that article, in his noble efforts to forward the interests of our hearing and speaking brethren, I would be much obliged to him if he would in the future be more veracious in his remarks, when speaking in relation to the Active club. I respectfully ask to be allowed sufficient space in your columns to refute the calumination, and to give a true version of the affair.

One week previous to July 16th a match had been arranged between these two clubs, and Feb. 16th was the day on which the game was to have been played. On the appointed day the Active were promptly upon the grounds at Communipaw, N. J., and, after donning their uniforms, commenced practicing. Three o'clock was the hour at which the game was to commence, but it was not till almost 3:30 that the Captain of the Osceolas made his appearance. As we had waited almost an hour, we were impatient to commence the game immediately, and

when I informed the captain of our wish, he, much to our surprise, said that the Osceolas were engaged with the Baltic club for the day. Having been thus imposed upon, we were determined to have our rights, and I replied that they must either play us or forfeit the stakes agreed upon, at the same time showing a copy of the challenge, with their agreement to play, written by their Secretary; in reply to said challenge seeing that we were determined, he attempted to conciliate us, by offering to play us at some other time, but we held to our determination and refused to accept these terms. Finally he agreed to send the stakes (viz., a \$1.50 ball) to my residence in the evening of the day mentioned.

But it never came. Well, to make the best of a bad bargain, we retired to the river side, close by, and, after sporting in the water till we were satisfied we again returned to the grounds to witness the match, which was in progress between the Osceolas and Baltics. Now I do not mean to have it supposed that I am in any respect a critic upon whose decision any confidence can be relied, but from what I saw of the playing between these two clubs, I could see nothing on which for the ex-Captain to base his plaudatory remarks. The idea of comparing McFaul with the pitcher of the Osceolas is totally absurd and the "cannon balls" spoken of by the ex-Captain, were such as could easily have been knocked off over the field by the Active, who are nearly all strong at the bat. But to return to the question. While looking at the game in progress, several young men asked us to play a friendly game, with a picked team which they were about to form, and we agreed to do so and the game commenced. At the close of the second inning we were interrupted by the Osceolas, who, having had a dispute with their opponents, had stopped playing. They asked us to play them then—but as we had given our word to play with the picked nine of course we refused to do so. It was now almost 5 o'clock, and it would have been impossible to finish a game before dark. Furthermore, we are always punctual and always expect games to commence at the hour appointed. Our refusal seemed to greatly enrage the Osceolas, who threatened to put a notice in the morning papers, to the effect that they had defeated us by 20 to 0. Solicitations having been of no avail, they became bolder and it was now, that their rowdy character was made manifest. Their signs, and other pantomime performances, although of a natural character, were such as would make any gentleman blush. As it was, we were disgusted and left the grounds, not, however, before several stones came in close proximity to our persons. This is what the ex-Captain calls "the most severe drubbing they have ever received since their organization." If, he says this in respect to the insults and abuse which were heaped on us, I agree that it was the most severe that we have ever experienced. I ask any candid persons if we were not justified in our refusal to play a club, who challenged us for a particular day and hour and then snubbed us as they did.

Having corrected the first and chief part of the ex-Captain's remarks, I wish to prove the utter fallacy of his article taken as a whole, and to show that he was neither on the grounds at the time mentioned, nor knows anything at all about our organization.

He says we "began to stiek up and feel sour of success." Now sir, I am not much acquainted with slang, but if he calls the necessary practice, which all well-organized clubs take before commencing a match, "sticking up," I concede that he is right and furthermore state, that it is our invariable practice. Sure of success, acting as a great stimulant to success, I see no harm in it and will not refute what he says in that respect.

In the next remark the veracity of the ex-Captain is put to a severe test, for how in the name of common sense could the "Cannon Shots" of the Osceola pitcher affect us when we did not face him and had nothing to do with him or his "cannon balls"? Again, he says that "Games were played last week resulting in victories, defeats and 'ties.'" This is a most erroneous statement from beginning to end, for, during the week subsequent to the Monday appointed for our match with the Osceolas, we had not played a single game and consequently could have suffered no defeats nor achieved any victories. Moreover there is no need of using the plural form for defeat and "ties," as we have suffered, but one occasion, have stood 24 to 1, 7 to 16, &c., clearly showing that there were no ties and only one close game. We have determined never again to play with the Osceolas or any other club who think that, because we are all "dummies" they can impose upon us with impunity, and as regards the Jaspers, while regarding it as the duty of the noble Institution we shall nevertheless challenge them when the College opens at the close of vacation. In conclusion I wish to express my sincere regrets that necessity thus compels me to refute the base charges of the ex-Captain of the famous Dexter club, and while respecting his ability as a critic, would advise him to use a pair of blue glass spectacles the next time he comes to witness our games. Perhaps the swarms of locusts, which covered the grounds at Communipaw, prevented him from seeing exactly how matters stood. I again assert the ability of the Active to cope with any first class club in the vicinity of New York city, and I trust that our future record will ably back my assertion.

THOMAS F. FOX,
Secretary Active B. B. C.

ELMIRA CONVENTION.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES, AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 9 o'clock a. m., commencing, as far as decided, with the following

PROGRAMME
The President's address. Reports of officers. Varied remarks by distinguished persons, deaf-mutes and others, during which important questions may be discussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner, MAYOR OF ELMIRA will open the morning session with a short speech.

At 2 o'clock, the orator of the day, Prof. S. T. Greene of the Belleville (Canada) Institution for Deaf-Mutes, or his substitute, Prof. T. H. Jewell of the New York Institution, will discourse upon subjects of interest and importance. Addresses by distinguished guests.

Wednesday Evening.

At 7:45 o'clock, services for deaf-mutes and their friends will be held at Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Knight, Rector. The service will be read orally and interpreted by signs at the same time by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who will make an interesting address.

Thursday Morning.

At 7 o'clock, in the same church, there will be a celebration of Holy Communion, and short service before breakfast.

At nine o'clock sharp the association will assemble and proceed to the election of officers for the two years ending Aug. 1879.

Ladies and gentlemen attending will find a long duster handy, and are advised to bring one. The following hotels will receive deaf-mutes at the annexed rates—

Rathburn House,	\$2.50
Pennsylvania House,	2.00
Homestead Hotel,	1.00
Pattinson House,	1.25
Fraizer House,	2.50
Delevan House,	2.00

The two latter houses are opposite the depot, and both good ones. The Rathburn is on Water St., and the best in town. The homestead is on the same street, and is good for the price.

RAILROAD FARES REDUCED.

The Erie railway company will pass persons attending the convention from any station on its line and numerous branches to Elmira at two-thirds fare. Parties from Rochester and western points will probably find this the best and cheapest route. Also those from southern and eastern points.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western will carry over all its roads at half fare. It has the following lines all centering in Binghamton, N. Y.: From Syracuse (Syracuse & Binghamton R. R.), from Utica (Utica & Chenango Valley R. R.), from New York and Scranton (N. Y. & Scranton R. R.), thence to Binghamton over the main line, and also from innumerable points along the branches. From Binghamton to Elmira take the Erie railway. Buy all tickets on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western from the point you start to Binghamton. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western company has also a branch from Ithaca to Owego and thence to Elmira by Erie railway.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal company will pass persons from any station on its road—from Schenectady, Rutland, Fort Edward, Montreal, Granville, Troy, Albany, &c., to Binghamton at two-thirds fare. From Binghamton to Elmira via Erie railway. From Albany to Binghamton the line is known as the Albany & Susquehanna railroad.

The proper way to secure the benefits of reduced rates is to pay the railroad company full fare from the station you start to Elmira when you go over the Erie railway, and to Binghamton if over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western RR., or the Albany & Susquehanna railroad. Returning the Secretary of the convention will give you a certificate which will enable you to get a return ticket to the point you came from for one-third fare if over the Erie railway and free over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad. Over the Albany & Susquehanna railroad the return fare will be one cent per mile, which is at the rate of two-thirds fare for the round trip. New York parties have the choice of the Erie or the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, with cheapness in favor of the latter.

Parties from Central and Northern New York, if they want to go and return cheap, should take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western at either Syracuse or Utica. A person leaving Oswego

can travel through to Binghamton for about \$4, returning free, with round trip from Binghamton to Elmira \$2.40. Total fare from Oswego to Elmira and return \$6.40.

Parties from Pennsylvania points reached by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad should take that line. From Philadelphia and other large points there are excursion rates to Elmira which parties can obtain by application at the railroad office. The Northern Central railroad is yet to be heard from, and if it offers special rates, announcement will be made at once. If Pennsylvania deaf-mutes will communicate with the Secretary, he will advise them properly. Grand excursion to

WATKINS GLEN

on Thursday afternoon. Train leaves at 12:30 p. m., returning at 6 1/2 or 8 1/2 giving the excursionists six hours or more at the Glen. Tickets from Elmira to Watkins and return, including admission to the Glen, \$1.20. For sale by the Treasurer of the Association and other officers of the Convention.

Among the distinguished persons expected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. L. L. Peet, Prof. Westervelt of the Western New York Institution, Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job Turner of Mass., and, if he arrives from Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Pres't
F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

THE STRIKE AT BERGEN POINT.

The story of the strike at Bergen Point is one of the most interesting episodes in these stirring times, and should be perused not less as a matter of news than a study of character. The coal company had in its employ a set of picked men, for none but the strongest in frame were fit for the labor they had to perform. These men were working on short time and receiving 15 cents a ton for wheeling coal up an inclined plane to a distance one hundred yards. The price was reduced to 10 cents and they struck. The company brought men from New York, who went to work, but after a few days' labor struck in their turn. Many of them found the work too hard and gave up from sheer exhaustion; others held out until they had given the job a fair trial and found they could only earn about fifty-eight cents a day. The strikers have behaved with great good sense and refrain from violence even when others took their places. The most whimsical incident of the whole affair was the attack of the women upon a few men who resumed work yesterday. They made their onslaught with their stockings, into the toes of which they had slipped stones, making dangerous weapons out of their hosiery. "She was an ugly woman," said one of General Griffin's characters, "to come feminist a man at a fair wid her stockin' off and a stone in the foot of it." So it seems this method of warfare is an old one though new to America.—*World.*

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A NEBRASKA SETTLER DRIVEN OUT BY GRASSHOPPERS—MAKES HIS WAY EAST WITH A MULE TEAM—HE REACHES SYRACUSE AND GETS INTO TROUBLE.

An odd looking caravan stopped in front of Lew Smith's on Fayette street Wednesday evening. It consisted of a rough looking farm wagon having a cheap oil cloth covering and drawn by two mules rather the worse for wear. Under the wagon was a dog, while in the wagon was a woman and her children, the youngest being an infant. The father of the family, a slim sun-burnt man, in his shirt sleeves, was skimming around Smith's hotel for some reason then unknown.

The woman stated that they had come all the way from Nebraska in that primitive manner, they having been eaten out by grasshoppers, and were on their way to Watertown, N. Y. They had been three months on the journey. She was thin, sharp featured and angular, and had the appearance of having a hard time of it, but she made no complaints. The wagon was springless, the seats, which ran along the sides like those of an omnibus, were cushionless and their sides polished by much friction. The rear of the wagon was occupied by a sort of bunk, apparently used for sleeping purposes, as it contained quilts, etc., on which lay stretched the son and heir of the owner of the unique establishment.

The result of the man's skimming around turned out to be a mule trade in which he got the worst of the bargain. The wife put in a claim that

the mules belonged to her and charged that her lord and master had been made drunk in order to beat him out of her property. The man, who gave the name of William Weston, was locked up in the police station for being drunk. This morning Weston was brought before Justice Mulholland, pleaded guilty to intoxication, and was discharged with the admonition to proceed on his way to Watertown without unnecessary delay.—*Syracuse Herald.*

A MATE FOR LAURA BRIDGMAN.

There lives in the city of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania a girl seventeen years old, named Sophia A. Hutson, who has been deaf, dumb and blind from birth. She is active in her nature, and has a remarkably intelligent mind. Through the one medium of gestures, as perceived by the touch, she understands wonderfully well, and in turn makes herself understood. She will wipe dishes and put them away with scrupulous care and exactness; will go down cellar alone at her mother's bidding and get apples; then up with astonishing rapidity, will give them to any one she is bid, and put her own into her pocket. At a motion from her father she will go up stairs and get his best hat deciding by touching which hat he wants. She knits and sews in a very creditable style, and manifests a desire to learn to do other kinds of work: she is neat and orderly in her habits and ever acts in a lady like manner, while in disposition she is cheerful as a sunbeam, and as playful as a kitten.

A CASE OF SILVER

A PRETTY NEWS GIRL, A COUNTERFEIT AND AN ADMIRING GRAND JURY.

Joanna Stelling, a pretty little girl twelve years old, keeps a newspaper stand at the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Second avenue. To Joanna came yesterday Thomas Buff, of Oswego, N. Y., who wanted to buy a morning paper, and asked her if she could change half a dollar. Joanna said, "You bet!" and gave Mr. Buff 47 cents and the newspaper he desired. Mr. Buff then tendered to Joanna a half dollar coin, and when he was about half a block away the little girl called to him that the money was bad. This information made Mr. Buff change his walk to a quickstep, but Joanna's brother pursued him and caught his coat-tail. Then Mr. Buff said, "I will sit down on this stone and wait until you go back and get that half dollar." "That's too thin," said the boy, "here comes a cop and he's too fly for you." When the cop came up the boy explained the situation, and Mr. Buff said, "Well, I don't suppose this'll be more than three years for me, will it?" "I don't know," answered the police man; "we'd better go to the United States courts." When the party arrived before the United States Grand Jury Joanna and her brother promptly told their stories, and Mr. Buff was immediately indicted. As Joanna left the jury-room the foreman of the jury said to General Foster: "Call that little girl back, will you?"

The little girl came back, and the foreman directed her to pass in front of each jurymen. She did so, and when she had finished her round she was possessed of a pile of silver change. Then she went out, and General Foster said: "Well, that restores my faith in human nature. It was a pretty act."

A GRATULATORY CAT.

A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison and came, in a pitiful state of pain, to seek its mistress's help. The fever and heat were so great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water, an almost unheard of proceeding in a water-bating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed and doctored it all the next day and night after. It recovered, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone up stairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her; she got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth. This it laid at its mistress's feet, and went away. For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens, they were not allowed to touch this reserved share; and if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap, "that is not for thee." After a while, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look and restored the mouse, when the cat permitted her children to take the prey which had served its purpose in her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of gratitude, remembered for months after, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) toward her own offspring.—*Good Words.*

AN UNEXPECTED MILLION

Col. Wardrop, during the rebellion commander of the Ninety-ninth Regiment of New York previously known as the Union Coast Guard, and a valued officer of the Seventh Army Corps, has recently fallen heir to a fortune of \$1,000,000. At the close of the first term of service all the command of the Ninety-ninth re-enlisted, and Col. Wardrop was in charge of the regiment during the greater part of the time it was in commission. At the close of the war he went into business, met with reverses, and several years ago settled down to a small clerkship in the office of a Boston firm. About four months ago a friend of his noticed an advertisement in a newspaper requesting the descendants of D. W. Wardrop of Glasgow, Scotland, to communicate with a firm of Scotch solicitors. The advertisement was inclosed in a letter to the Colonel, advising him to answer it, but as the name in the advertisement was misspelled and the Colonel had not much faith in his good luck, he paid no attention to the matter. His friend, whose name is not given, thereupon answered the advertisement by a letter, verifying some statements by cable.

The result was a summons of Col. Wardrop to Glasgow, where his identity as a grandson of David W. Wardrop, a wealthy merchant of that city, was established, and a fortune of £200,000 was paid the Colonel as his inheritance. Colonel Wardrop's father separated from his family in Scotland about seventy years ago and went to the West Indies, where after a life of ups and downs and varied adventures, he died in Jamaica. No trace of his ancestors was left behind. Colonel Wardrop has just returned to the United States in full possession of his fortune.—*World.*

TAKING OFF THE SHOES.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses, the men kneel on the rugs, to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes and soil the sijdjy on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot mat or scraper, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go to the Syrian school-houses, and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and down they go, on their noses, and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Yusuf, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya Imme! Ya Imme!" "O my mother!" and cries just like little children in other countries.

But the funniest part is the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and of course one hundred shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and turbanes thrown off, and a great screaming follows, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asa," or a stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many school-boy fights, and bruised noses, and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often wear off other's shoes by mistake or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on, and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, and shouting cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather until he gets back his lost property.—*The Women of the Arabs.*

PRESENTS A NEAT APPEARANCE.

The DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL, one of our exchanges, published at Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., Henry C. Rider, Editor and Proprietor, presents a neat typographical appearance, and is ably conducted.—*Mute Journal of Nebraska.*

Subscribers for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL—only \$1.50 a year in advance.

A COMPARISON OF GIRLS.

The Baltimore girl is placed in the midst of the happiest conditions for the unfolding of the latent possibilities of beauties. Reared in a climate that knows neither the rigors of the North, nor the enervating languors of the South, she cometh up as the flower. Moreover, the Baltimore girl has what Alexander Dumas called the "Higher alimentations of superior beings." For upon the shores of the Chesapeake alone do the terrapin, the bay mackerel, the oyster and the canvas back duck blossom in native luxuriance. This delicate, dainty and highly nutritious fare is needed to bring to perfection the purest type of beauty. It has frequently pained us to notice that there is a disposition among some of the western cities to hurl at each other accusations of homeliness in their women. If we may trust the Chicago press, the girls of St. Louis have large feet. It is even said that at a St. Louis wedding, a derrick is necessary to throw the slippers after the bride.

St. Louis retorts with the accusation, that the Chicago girl has large ears. It describes in detail how a Chicago girl spreads out one ear for a parasol and uses the other as a fan. It is alleged also that the Cincinnati girl has an unnecessary development of foot, and that she uses a pumpkin as a ball to darn her stockings on. These ungallant remarks are to be deplored. We concede the beauty of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston, and believe that if they were nurtured under the kindly influence of Baltimore, they would be the highest possibilities of beauty. The Boston girl is charming. There is a flavor of the east wind in her voice, and a suggestion of codfish balls in her physique, but she is bright, intelligent, bookish, artistic and self-reliant; she wins her way everywhere. The western girl is of exuberant health and vitality; the southern girl has a dreamy languor and grace indescribable. But women, beautiful every where in America, reach the pinnacle of perfection only on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

THE HOME OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

The show place of Lancaster is Wheatland, the home for many years of James Buchanan, who bought it from William M. Meredith. It is a ten minutes' drive from the station, over a beautiful road. Not having been there for twenty years, I was somewhat startled to find the street-cars running half-way out and some handsome house near the road, with building lots marked for sale. The gate is gracefully guarded by the overhanging willows that weep by the spring which marks the entrance to Wheatland. The broad lawn spreads smooth and green, grand in its simplicity, fair in its utter absence of pretention, while the old house stretches out its wide wings suggestive of hospitality, good cheer and a storied past. One misses many of the huge trees of early days which once almost hid the house, but the glories of modern callas and geraniums reconcile one to the change; while garden seats scattered here and there over the gently rolling lawn woo one to rest. Passing around the house the gorgeous green still greets the town-tired eye, and one moves up a grassy walk, through rows of bright flowers to the beautiful wood that crowns the hill upon the breast of which the old house reposes. And here we have a very pretty, peaceful, agricultural view on one side, and on the other we find pleasant homes, chief among which stands that of Dr. Nevins with his gifted family, including the versatile Miss Blanche, artist, writer, talker. Darkness coming on, I again turn my steps towards the substantial old house I have come to see, and observe how the storms of these many years have toned down the color of the bricks, making them not unpicturesque in their faded red, which harmonizes with the dimmed green of the old-fashioned window-shutter. Inside, the mansion is large, airy and elegant, furnished in a solid style, comporting with the dignity and history of the place. Mr. Buchanan's library remains very much as it was when I saw him there, and, indeed, everything at Wheatland reminds one of the remarkable man who was once the presiding genius of those shades. It is now owned by his niece, Mrs. Henry Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore, whose summer home it is, and whose beauty, dignity and graceful hospitality are too well recognized to require mention at my hands. I could not help pausing at the threshold to ponder over the many noted men who had gone in and out of those doors—some who had bled on Southern battle-fields, some who had languished in Northern

prisons, those whose voices yet resound in the nation's councils, and others whose words have been hushed and whose faces hid away in "the land of forgetfulness." Living or dying, very many of them have been disappointed, world-weary men. Lancaster also finished the home and the grave of Thaddeus Stevens, who having, it seems, no rural tastes, spent his life in the town, and who, consistent in death, is buried in a cemetery where black and white together await the dawn of That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away.

MAKING POSTAL CARDS.

AT THE RATE OF A MILLION A DAY—THE PRINTING, CUTTING, PACKING AND DISTRIBUTING.

The present contract for the manufacture of postal cards was awarded to the American Phototype Company of this city, whose manufactory is in the Tribune building. The paper upon which the cards are printed is made by the Parsons Manufacturing Company of Holyoke, Mass. It comes in sheets about 22 inches by 28 inches in size, and is packed in boxes containing about 2,000 sheets and weighing 530 pounds each. After the boxes are unpacked the first thing in order is the printing. This is done by two Hoe cylinder presses, each of which prints 40 cards at a single impression. The printed sheets are then placed in racks and allowed to dry for two days, in order to prevent any blotting or defacement. Now they are ready for the cutters, of which there are three at present.

By the first, which is a rotary cutter, the sheets are divided crosswise in ten strips, containing four postal cards each. The sheets pass through machine as rapidly as one can follow another. The strips are then collected in packages of 100 each, the edges are made exactly even, and the packages are then placed on the iron tables of the cutters, which sever them in the opposite direction. Of these cutters there are two, both known as the Cranston "under cut." Ten packages of 100 sheets each, after leaving the rotary cutter are placed in the "under cut;" a lever is pulled, which sets the machinery in motion, and up comes a heavy knife with a diagonal motion, and there are 400 postal cards complete in a twinkling. A bit of brass is removed, allowing the uncut packages to be moved up a proper distance under the knife, and the process is repeated.

The cards are then taken in bunches convenient to be handled, and the edges are carefully brushed to remove all dust and "feathers." They then pass into the hands of eighteen girls, by whom they are counted out in packages of twenty-five cards each. Twenty packages are placed in pasteboard boxes, which again are packed in wooden boxes, containing from 1,000 to 25,000 cards apiece.

The presses are now printing about 1,000,000 cards a day. The contract requires that 1,000,000 shall be printed in a day, if the demand is so great. This quantity can be easily exceeded with the presses now in use, as their capacity is 1,200,000 cards daily.

At present, the presses are run about twelve or thirteen hours a day. The work was begun on July 2. The Phototype Company is required to deliver the cards in boxes at the New York post office, from which they are distributed.

The contract is for four years from July 1, and the company receives 69 56-100 cents for each 1,000 cards. The first delivery of cards was made on Wednesday last, and up to Friday night about 5,000,000 cards had been placed in the hands of the Government. The post office officials in this city do not regard postal cards with favor. Postmaster James expressed the opinion, the other day, that they were emphatically a nuisance, and one of the subordinate officers asserted that postal cards caused a falling off in the sale of stamps of \$1,000 a day. The daily sales of cards, he said, would amount to 50,000 on an average; on some days as many as 100,000 had been sold.—*N. Y. Tribune, July 28, 1877.*

"Worse Than the 'Bummers.'"

THE RATS THAT SHERMAN LEFT BEHIND IN HIS MARCH TO THE SEA.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

A few days ago Mr. Hollbrook, a sagacious and successful grocery merchant on Peachtree street, packed his stock of goods, moved them from his store into a vacant store a door or two off, then ripped up every plank in the floor, laid down a floor of solid sheet iron, replaced the upper planks and moved his goods back.

"What does it all mean?" we asked him.

"It means rats," he replied solemnly. "Yes sir, rats. I tell you the rats here cost me more by hundreds of dollars a year than my taxes and insurance. I have tried to get rid of them in every possible way. I have found that they continued to increase. I was consequently forced to move out and put down a sheet iron barrier between the thieves and my goods."

"Why didn't you try cats or terriers?" "Cats?" in a tone of scorn. "Cats and terriers! Did you ever see this new breed of rats that we have down here? We can't handle them with cats or terriers either."

Atlanta has become so thoroughly infested with rats that their destruction has become a matter of very serious importance. The ruthless invader of our store-rooms, granaries and coops is the regular wharf rat—or Norway rat, as it is called. It is an importation, and not a native production. It is said that it came with Sherman's army to Atlanta, being brought hither in the forage for the horses that was shipped out from New York. The Sherman rat as we propose to call him during the crusade against him that is hereby inaugurated, is a perfect monster. He is as large as a small kitten, has huge thighs and foreshoulders, possesses enormous strength, is combative and plucky, and his cruel, rapacious face is ornamented with a pair of flowing mustaches. He has bred with incredible rapidity since his introduction here, and has literally devoured or driven out the modest, inoffensive, old-fashioned little gray rat, that innocent, easily-satisfied vegetarian that may be termed "the rat of our fathers." A more harmless little rodent than our little rat of ante-bellum times can hardly be imagined. He was accepted without a murmur, and really taken as a sort of pleasant joke. He figures in history as a decent, gentlemanly rat that cracked an occasional grain of corn, or licked syrup, once in a while, from his tail that he had dropped into some sweet jug. He figures in history in such pleasant episodes as the famous visit of the country rat to the city, and in poetry as the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that jack built. He did no harm, and was liked and tolerated on all hands. But this new rat, born in the throes of revolution, and growing amid the fierce turbulence of this latter day, is a bloodthirsty and abnormal scoundrel. He despises the mild and mousy corn, or the tranquil jam upon which the rat of our fathers fed, and whenever he wants a lunch he rushes out into your yard, seizes a half-grown chicken, and clipping its throat-latch with his sharp teeth, throws the palpitating corpse over his shoulders and gallops back to his den to wallow in warm gore. These huge rats can be seen in large numbers galloping about the stores, along the streets at night. It is almost impossible to raise poultry anywhere in the city. The rats kill young chickens and ducks with the greatest ease, and during last winter entered, on one occasion, a chicken coop, and pulled from its roost and destroyed a full-grown hen. They kill grown pigeons frequently. They do not confine themselves to the city, but are spreading into the country. We have seen them six miles from town.

Dr. Taylor has one which is about as large as his dog, that burrows back of the store. The doctor says the burrow opens up at the other end somewhere beyond Decatur. These rodents can swim a creek, and nothing seems to stop them. They make moonlight raids into the country, moving in troops of a score or so, carrying destruction to the barn-yards and granaries and consternation to the sleek and non-combatant rats of the rural districts. They will attack a man when they are pressed in a corner. On such occasions when flight is impossible they will fly at their pursuer in blind rage, and generally succeed in closing their teeth through his flesh somehow. The bite of this little animal is actually poisonous. Captain E. M. Roberts was bitten by one, and his hand is now shriveled around the bite. Mr. Harwell was bitten, and it was feared that his arm would have to be amputated. Mr. Dickson was bitten, and was sick for weeks. The poison instilled is virulent and obstinate. There is a notice in the St. Louis papers of late date that a professional rat-killer of New York has gone to that city, carrying a gang of ferrets that have been trained to hunt and kill rats. He guarantees to kill several hundred a day and to virtually rid St. Louis of this ubiquitous and deadly marauder. When he has finished we advise that he be sent for.